



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 19. No. 8. October, 1946.



How will THE LIQUOR REFERENDUM affect club trading hours?

AFTER the coming Liquor Referendum, registered clubs will be required by law to observe the same trading hours as hotels. This provision of the Liquor Act will apply to all clubs irrespective of their existing privileges and to any new licences which may be granted. It will affect clubs of every type . . . returned servicemen's clubs, sporting clubs, and all the social, fraternity and business men's clubs.

If, then, 6 o'clock closing is carried at the referendum, clubs will have to stop serving liquor in their bars and lounges at 6 p.m. It will put them on exactly the same footing as hotels and will subject their members to the same irritating,

inconvenient and unreasonable restrictions that so annoy the hotel customer to-day.

This is just one aspect of the case against 6 o'clock closing which club members in particular should remember on referendum day. Six o'clock closing has been a social disgrace to our State for 30 years, and people who have seen the benefits of reasonable hours and up-to-date amenities in their own clubs will agree that these benefits should be available in every hotel to everyone in the community. In the interests of moderate drinking conditions, 10 O'CLOCK must be the new closing hour.

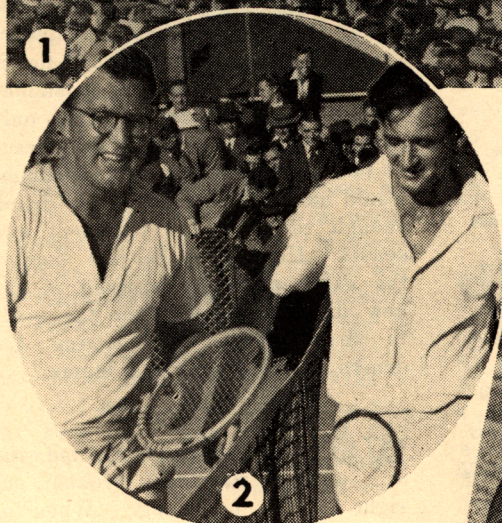
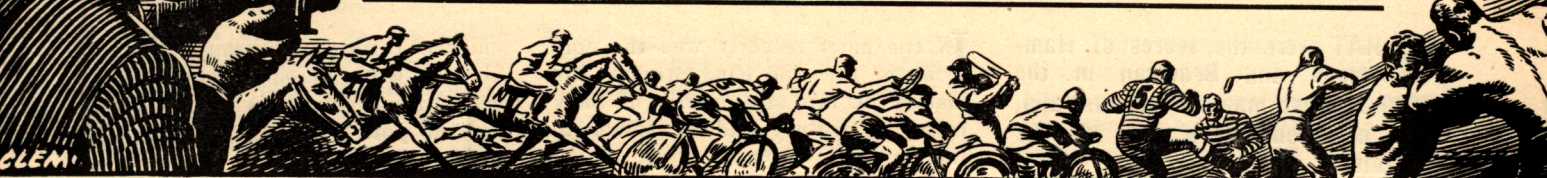


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Vol. 19.

OCTOBER, 1946.

No. 8.



1.—Australians love their cricket. Scene shows crowd at S.C.G. at the last Test match played here in 1936.

2.—Colin Long (Vic.) and Geoff. Brown (N.S.W.) in a recent Davis Cup Squad tryout.

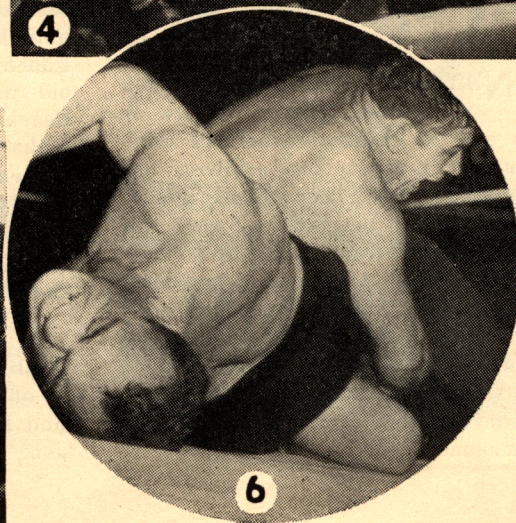
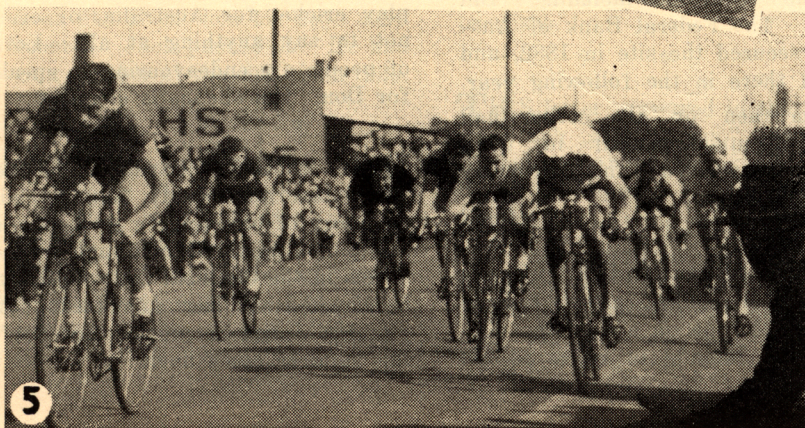
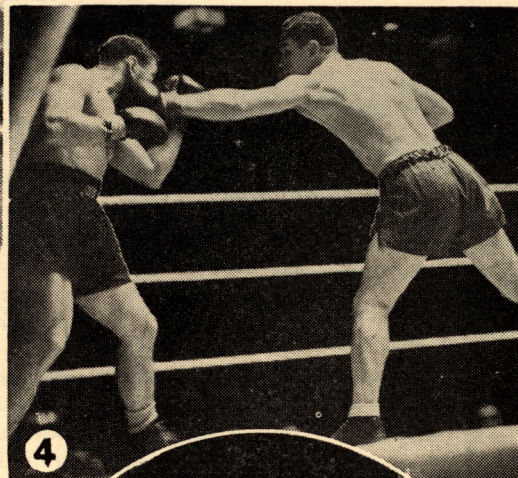
3.—Rugby League and Soccer players met in friendly contest during September. Teams played 30 minutes of each code. Picture shows Soccer man using his head to advantage.



4.—Bruce Woodcock (Eng.) administered k.o. to Gus Lesnevich (U.S.A.) at Harringay Arena, September 17.

5.—Finish of Goulburn-Sydney race shows public interest in cycling. Sept. 21.

6.—Primo Carnera tries hand at wrestling. He is underneath and groaning, but won.



THE CLUB MAN'S DIARY

WHAT were the scores of Hammond and Bradman in the 1936-37 Test matches in Australia, and how long were they at the wickets?

"The Bulletin" answered: First Test, Hammond scored 25 runs in 95 min., Bradman 38 runs in 73 min.; second Test, Hammond 231 runs in 460 min., Bradman 82 runs in 171 min.; third Test, Hammond 83 runs in 159 min., Bradman 283 runs in 486 min.; fourth Test, Hammond 59 runs in 183 min., Bradman 238 runs in 507 min.; fifth Test, Hammond 70 runs in 157 min., Bradman 169 runs in 223 min. Total, Hammond 468 runs in 1054 min., Bradman 810 runs in 1460 min.

* * *

H. A. MARGRIE (Bellevue Hill) wrote the "Sydney Morning Herald: In your article on the "Quiz Session," by a Staff Correspondent, this statement occurs (with regard to a knowledge of Australiana), "How else would one know that the Clown was the horse that beat the favourite in A. L. Gordon's poem?" The facts are that the Clown was the favourite and was beaten by the brown mare Isult (presumably ridden by Gordon). The judge's decision given in the last lines of the poem was:—

*A nose I could swear by, but Clarke
said the mare by
A short head, and that's how the
favourite was beat.*

* * *

"NEW YORK TIMES" on the black market in Japan: "There is no way to check the theft of Government property by soldiers, but some idea of the merchandising activities of the occupation forces can be gained from the fact that 35,000,000 dollars more has been sent to the United States by troops in Japan than has been paid to the soldiers. The sale of American rations, clothing and automobile supplies on the black market is not uncommon."

IN the news recently was the corner of Pitt and King Streets. The history of this site carries us back nearly a century and a quarter to the days of Governor King, to the days of the Tank Stream, which was at the rear of the western extremity of the property, to a time when Sydney was only 17 years old, and with a population of a little more than 3,000.

One, Michael Byrne purchased the site in 1805, and erected on it a dwelling, later adding a weatherboard inn, and called it the "Three Legs of Man." In the later twenties, the sign was changed to the "Shamrock,

chicken farm on returning. Probably he will call on a neighbour to cut off the heads of cockerels marked for the pot.

* * *

O. A. MENDELSON wrote of "The Great Drinking Myth" in "The Earnest Drinker's Digest":—

"The peril of mixing drinks is a favourite fallacy, and nearly everyone believes there is some mystic potency in this. The origin of the mixing-drinks myth is surely simple enough. Most people have an ingrained dislike of sudden and extreme changes of flavour. If a man has been drinking highly flavoured and sweet cocktails, or even liqueurs such as creme de menthe, he is hardly likely to welcome a sudden change to, say, stout. The only occasion on which he would pursue so palatably barbarous a programme would be when he has already drunk enough to cloud his judgment and senses. He then makes the change, the extra alcohol contained in the new drink tips him over the scale to drunkenness, and mixing the drinks wrongly gets the blame."

* * *

WELL, just as we suspected, the cricket war has broken out right at the beginning. When or where it will end we do not propose to chance a guess. Hammond is proving a bit cagey. Perhaps he believes that the least said the better. You know, you can talk your way into anything. The hard task is to talk your way out.

* * *

BRADMAN has a perfect right to say whether he will or will not play cricket for Australia, or even not to say anything at all. Lots of people are endeavouring to speak for Don. His silence is eloquent.

* * *

BERT WOLFE ("Cardigan" of the Melbourne Herald), told in club the story of having been pressed for an opinion as to Bernborough's prospects in the Caulfield Cup. "I think he should win," Bert answered. "If you Melbourne people let him live," the inquirer came back.

BIRTHDAYS

OCTOBER.

4th L. C. Wicks	14th A. L. Cooper
K. J. Patrick	17th Hon. T. D. Mutch
5th F. P. Robinson	
6th E. W. Bell	21st E. R. Deveridge
S. V. Toose	D. S. Orton
7th P. F. Miller	27th A. J. Moverley
9th S. S. Crick	31st C. C. Bartlett

NOVEMBER.

7th J. A. Portus	26th R. R. Coote
14th Chas. Salom	27th L. C. Noakes
15th F. D. Foskey	29th W. H. Davies
17th H. L. Carter	30th H. (Barney) Fay

Rose and Thistle," and still later, when the house passed into the hands of Henry Doran, it was known as the "Hope and Anchor." In the early forties was erected a three-storey hotel known as the "Rainbow Tavern," until in 1867 James Punch became the licensee and carried on until his death in the early eighties. Punch's hotel was the rendezvous of old-time rowers, including Bill Beach. The Federal Bank of Australia secured the site in 1882, and opened there in the following year.

From then on the corner had many occupants until in 1918 Proud's acquired the property and built there.

* * *

ALBERT PIERREPOINT, Britain's official hangman, has left England for Europe on a business mission. He intends to retire to his

HARDLY had Joe Louis time to recover his wind after disposing of his latest opponent when the negro was dragged to the microphone and addressed: "Say, Joe, what are your plans for the future?" Joe had not a counter for that one. Most pathetic feature of the fiasco was the comment by the fellow he and pulped: "I still think I can lick him."

* * *

TRANQUIL STAR, a chestnut, has been mated with Dhotti, a chestnut, and a chestnut foal is anticipated. But, as the Yanks say, "It ain't necessarily so."

* * *

FRANK UNDERWOOD said in conversation, and very wisely: "You can't compare horses on history. The only true test is provided by their meeting."

* * *

FRED GAWLER has resigned his executive position with a movie organisation to take over management of a country hotel. Fred will be regretfully farewelled. Nobody is known more widely; nobody is liked more genuinely. That country enterprise has acquired in Fred a personal asset. We'll be looking you up, Fred—and then, don't pull that stuff on us: "All the accommodation gone and all the Scotch lapped up!"

* * *

JACK CUSH got from nowhere to somewhere in racing because he had that something extra which raises a man in his sphere above the ordinary; sometimes to the level of the extraordinary. Last time we saw him in the club he said cheerfully that he had not been too well, but that had passed. We could enter him as fit. Even then his days were numbered. Jack passed on. He had been a member of the club since 1929.

* * *

AGES of great cricketers and places at which they first played in a Test match: Hill (19) at Lords, June 22, 1896; Bradman (20) at Brisbane, November 30, 1928; Hammond (25) at Brisbane, November 30, 1928; Larwood (21) at Lords, June 26, 1926.

MR. JACK TRAVERS has been missed from his usual spot in the club for several months, but soon he will be back with us again. He has had a bad time through sickness, but a good man cannot be kept down.

* * *

MR. R. COBDEN is back on deck again after being laid aside with a serious bout of sickness. Seems strange these days to see the genial Dick sparring with a spa and lemon. But he says it is good for his figure, and he likes it. Welcome back, anyway.

* * *

NEWs from Mr. Harry Tancred, in England, is that it will take more than one aeroplane accident to keep him on the ground. He was in a plane which turned over with shakes for all. Now he is planning to fly to South America, then to U.S.A., and to be back here for Christmas.

* * *

ON his retirement as general manager of 2UW, Frank Marden was given a complimentary dinner by representatives of the broadcasting and motion picture industries. Frank will settle on a property he acquired in Gundagai. This is the fruition of a plan conceived five years ago. Frank packs his swag, so to speak, with the good wishes of his many friends in this club and outside.

* * *

THAT bronzed appearance of health worn by Joe Harris has had his friends guessing as to how he did it. Here's how—he is a member of the Bondi Icebergs. Mermaids are not allowed on the premises.

* * *

THIS letter appeared in the "Telegraph and Argus," Bradford, Yorkshire, above the signature of C. E. Thompson, Holmbury Court, London:

"I have noticed several references in the Press about the bad feeling in Australia during the recent tour of the Rugby League team, and as an old Australian have

felt these did not deserve the prominence given to the incidents mentioned.

"I had a letter from a friend in Sydney, who is a very prominent sportsman and a well-known member of the famous Tattersall's Club, in which he says: 'We lost the Ashes and failed to take a trick. Anyhow, they were much superior footballers, and I had the privilege of meeting Gus Risman and several of the players at the club, and found them all great scouts.'

"That opinion, I should say, is the opinion of the great majority out in Australia."

* * *

THERE is a popular conception that the theatrical world is a jealous world, resentful of the newcomer, but in my experience, when an actor or actress arrives who has everything to give—talent, beauty, intelligence and unbounded technical ability—then his or her fellow-workers open their hearts and cry welcome to someone who can only bring lustre to their beloved profession. — Actor-playwright, Ivor Novello.

Going Fishing

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CRAIG & AITKEN
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 (Near Anthony Hordern's)

THE ACCOUNTANT WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT

It would not be an exaggeration to say that, at one time or another, every one of our members has run up against an accountant who refused to listen to reason. It may have been one in the Taxation Office, but it could have been anywhere. Here is a letter, a copy of which has been shown us. We are informed it is a few years old. We wonder if it was effective.

Dear Sir,

In this life there are so few things ageless and eternal which pass on unchanged and imperishable from one generation to another. Prominent among these are the Egyptian Pyramids, the Sphinx, Cleopatra's Needle, and—I greatly fear—your infernal bill against me for 1s. 5d.

I have no actual resentment against the permanency of the Pyramids, or the Sphinx, for instance, as they are sufficiently remote to leave me emotionally undisturbed, but the infernal bill aforesaid is another matter.

Despite my repeated disclaimer of any responsibility for its existence, your accountant clings frantically to the obsession that the accursed thing is an offspring of mine, and with a zeal which would be commendable in a nobler cause, regularly each month makes a pathetic appeal to me to father it.

I do not suppose I have much longer to live—say 60 years of thereabouts—

but the thought that even during that brief period there would be 720 appearances of that fatherless bill of yours, drives me to thoughts of seeing the Harbour Bridge—and going off it.

In a final despairing effort to induce you to cease bodyline bowling and play the game, let me remind you of the circumstances surrounding the case.

Having given your traveller a small order at Bowning, where I do business, for certain goods to be delivered at Bowning, for the not altogether unnatural reason that I could more easily collect them there than if they were sent to Port Darwin or the Gold Coast of Africa, I discovered that with a fine contempt for the little things that matter, and perhaps to show that your firm was not to be dictated to you had consigned the goods to Binalong, which is not, never has, and in all probability never will be Bowning.

When your traveller called again, I explained the matter, and he promptly recognised my right to deduct the extra

freight charged between Bowning and Binalong, and accepted payment accordingly, so that should be that.

If you cannot persuade your accountant to forget the thing, get him to turn the figures round and make them 5/1 for next month. It will make it less monotonous, and will have just as good prospects of procuring payment. But don't, don't send it in the old way again, or I'll come down and bite you.

Yours truly,

P.S. I hope you like this letter. If you don't, remember I don't like your bill.

RACING FIXTURES, 1946

OCTOBER.

A.J.C.	Saturday, 12th
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 19th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 26th

NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 2nd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm),	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm),	Saturday, 23rd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 30th

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm),	Saturday, 7th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 21st
A.J.C., Thursday, 26th	(Boxing Day)
Tattersall's	Saturday, 28th

The Gift of Good Vision



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F.I.O., London,
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Mark Foy's

TOAST: W. T. (BILLY) KERR

Doyen of Timekeepers

The toast this month is awarded to W. T. ("Billy") Kerr, whose name ranks among the highest ever in Australian sport. For over 60 years he has been recognised as the doyen of all timekeepers, and his activities have taken him, at one time or another, into every sphere where split-second timing is of paramount importance.

"Billy," as he is lovingly known to associates, joined our club on September 24, 1917, and few have enjoyed such popularity.

Now on the 81 years mark, he is hale and hearty, and his company was never in greater demand by members.

With his trusty watches in hand he has been acknowledged No. 1 turf timekeeper for 35 years.

He thinks Carbine was the greatest horse ever seen in this country—greater even than Phar Lap or Peter Pan, although there would not be much between them, he says.

In 1886 Billy was appointed timekeeper to the N.S.W. Cyclists' Union, and 1945 was his 61st year as official with the watch at Sydney High School sports.

Kerr times have never been questioned, and his figures for record breakers such as Nigel Barker (running), Cecil Healey (swimming) were accepted pronto because all knew they were correct to the fraction.

Mr. Kerr also held the watch that day at the Sports Ground when Jack Donaldson ran 130 yards in 12sec. dead against Arthur Postle and Holway of U.S.A.

As an owner of racehorses he has also enjoyed more than a modicum

of success, but considers his greatest thrill was victory with Modulation in 1944.

He also had a useful prad in Talk-alot, who won five or six races and was beaten by a head in the Victorian Oaks.

Other steeds to carry the Kerr colours included Adrian March, Med-

In 1919 serious trouble came about in health, and the late Dr. Maitland, later Sir Herbert, did a grand job in what he (the doctor) claimed was a very near thing.

During the convalescence stage our subject feared he would have to give up his timekeeping and approached his medico on the subject in fear and trepidation.

"Far from it," said the doctor. "That is a godsend. It will keep you among the kids and keep you young in mind."

"That was the best medicine ever given to man," says Mr. Kerr, who has followed the edict to the letter ever since.

Asked whom he thought was the best schoolboy runner, Mr. Kerr struck a novel note.

"I timed Jimmy Carlton when he ran even time, but recently I timed John Treloar when he clocked 9 9/10, so it looks like the old idol must give place to the newcomer."

The quotation indicates how the mind has remained young—even at 81—and that perspective is not warped by ideas such as "there are no

champions like the old ones," etc.

Greatest thrill in club life was connected with the last billiards tournament when Mr. Kerr had to meet Hans Robertson. The marks were very wide, and it was the first tournament Billy had entered. He lost in the end, but the game remains a highlight in memory.

Practically agile as ever and mentally alert to the last degree, there appears to be long life ahead. That's all to the good—ours especially.



allist, Melia, Gold Beater, Valerie, etc.

There's a story about Valerie of which the owner was very fond.

She was a little mare, he says, and we had her entered for a suburban event.

The trainer advised on keeping her for a handicap at Randwick, but Mr. Kerr declares he 'had a hunch' and eventually the trainer wilted.

With odds called at 100's to 4, the owner waded in and collected for a win!

Roundabout of Australian Sport

Herewith a sub-leader from "Sydney Daily Telegraph" of September 25. The logic of the views expressed so admirably are worth repeating—even putting away to be dragged out some other day to remind us there is still sanity and proper perspective in our midst.

ARRIVAL of the English cricket team is as welcome as a spring morning after a bitter winter.

Cricket is symbolic of the peace and leisure we all yearn for after the dreary years of war.

Perhaps we grasp the symbol the more eagerly because we feel that the kind of life which enables us to be serious about games may not last long.

The more elderly among us recall the relief with which we turned to Test cricket after World War I., confident that the madness of war was ended.

Briefly we were able to enjoy the luxury of a passionate frenzy about body-line bowling.

Millions have died to give us another chance to live the kind of life cricket represents—skilled physique used for better ends than goose-stepping.

The Test team which England has sent is sprinkled with older players than usual because youth has had so little chance to learn games.

We must remember that in assessing the team's ability.

And we ought also to realise how lucky we are to be able to turn from the scorched earth of war to the green fields of cricket—knowing that it is one of those curious pastimes which can thrive only when people are free enough to be carefree and that to be carefree is to taste the real fruits of civilisation.

* * *

Of the 143 Test matches played, Australia has won 57, England 55, with 31 drawn. The 77 matches in Australia have been split up. England, 34; Australia, 41; 2 drawn (both against Shaw's 1881-82 team

at Melbourne). Melbourne saw 31 of them; Sydney, 30; Adelaide, 13; Brisbane, 3. The 66 matches in England gave the home team 21 wins, Australia 16, and 29 were drawn. They were played at the Oval (18), Lord's (16), Manchester (14), Leeds (8), Nottingham (7), Egbaston (2), and Sheffield (1).

* * *

Averages of the M.C.C. selections this season emphasise their batting strength. W. R. Hammond (cap-

Irrespective of results, which often do not tell the complete story, the Australian Rugby Union team touring N.Z. has turned on a satisfactory performance generally. The result, for example, did not tell the complete story of the first Test match. Other games, at time of writing, were close, judged by the play.

Chief defect of the Australians was in the reluctance of the forwards to ruck it. That's no good.



The football season has now ended. Picture shows Herb Narvo, former heavyweight boxing champion, leading the van in a St. George rush against Balmain. He was captain-coach of St. George.

tain) leads with 1,783 runs, av. 84.90—a rattling good effort for a 43-year-old. Washbrook has scored 2,400, av. 68.57; Compton, 2,403, av. 61.61; Fishlock 2,221, av. 50.47. Edrich, Hutton, Ikin, Hardstaff and Langridge all topped the thousand-run mark.

Few previous teams have had more promising figures. Wright leads the bowlers with 125 wickets, av. 18.08; Smith has taken 120, av. 19.49; Bedser 128, av. 20.13; Pollock 95, av. 21.65; Langridge 92, av. 22.11; Edrich 73, av. 19.28; Ikin 55, av. 23.72; Voce 42, av. 23.02.—"The Bulletin."

The handling of the backs was not altogether satisfactory. And that's no good, either.

* * *

Management of the Australian Rugby Union team playing in N.Z. has pressed for a visit from the "All Blacks" in the 1947 season. Australia wishes to build up for the British tour in 1947, and N.Z. desires to build up for the South African tour in 1948.

It remains for N.Z. to say whether its prospects in South Africa would suffer by concentrating on 1947 rather than on 1948; or whether the

general good would be served by declaring for 1947.

We think that the 1947 viewpoint should prevail, because the general good of the game would be served and, also, the decision would be sporting.

N.Z. is naturally keen to restore its lost prestige against South Africa. Nevertheless, N.Z. will benefit by helping to restore the lost fortunes of the Rugby Union game—in point of public patronage—in Australia. Therefore, it would appear to be up to N.Z.

* * *

If the Rugby League can come up smiling from the bashing—in more senses than one—that it suffered at the hands of England and in the columns of the daily press, it deserves well. But will it come up smiling? Time will provide the answer, but the odds are against the lesson being learned. Why? The idea that "crowd pleasing" means more than any other consideration appears to have taken a firm hold. Old ideas, like old habits, die hard.

Could Tarzan Beat Our Bernborough?

Having studied the performance of the boy Tarzan of the Syrian desert, it occurred to me that he would be an appropriate match for champion race-horse Bernborough (writes a "Daily Mirror" staff reporter).

"Tarzan" is reported to have out-paced gazelle hunters who were riding in a jeep, and to have reached the speed of the herd of gazellas with which it is believed he lived. I knew that a jeep can hit more than 50 miles an hour, and the Taronga Park Zoo Superintendent assures me that gazellas can touch 50 miles an hour for bursts of 100 yards or so.

The average speed of gazellas is about 20 miles an hour, so no doubt Tarzan recovered his wind on the occasions on which the herd, in the absence of hunters, dropped back to this leisurely gait.

It all boils down to this: If "Tarzan" takes up footrunning as a profession in civilised life he ought to give any of the Olympic Games pedestrian prizes a bit of a

shake. A man running 100 yards in even time, for instance, isn't doing much more than 20 miles an hour. Where would he be with the gazelle boy? But about this match with Bernborough. I'm told he covered the last furlong of a race in 10 seconds—a mere 45 miles an hour. Could Tarzan lower the colours of Australia's equine aristocrat, who also eats grass? Perhaps the handicapper could get his measure. I don't know. You might like to work it out for yourselves.

KING CRICKET is now in full swing, and a complete set of Sheffield Shield matches will be played this season. Just in case someone argues the point with you on the matter of attendances, the following is official information supplied by N.S.W.C.A. The record stands at 67,615 who paid £4,606 to watch the N.S.W. v. Victoria game in 1927-28. On the first day 30,386 attended, when the "gate" produced £2,195.




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Three Months in the Cooler

Here is a true story, from "Admiral Rous and the English Turf," by T. H. Bird, of a newspaper proprietor who was sent to gaol for libelling a racehorse owner. Incidentally, it happened a long time ago.

Sir Joseph Hawley's Vagabond was favourite for the City and Suburban Handicap (1869), but Sir Joseph had been forestalled in the market so he scratched the horse, and went for the Great Metropolitan.

Vagabond's appearance was the signal for a hostile demonstration from the crowd, who had forgotten that only the year before his owner started Blue Gown for the Derby so as to give them "a run" for the money with which they had backed him. Later in the season he had Siderolite, Lictor and Blue Gown in the Liverpool Cup, for which the first-named was favourite. On the Monday before the race he scratched Siderolite and Blue Gown and won with Lictor.

There were some sharp comments on the matter. "The Sporting Times," the pale predecessor of the late Mr John Corlett's never forgotten "Pink 'Un," was more than venomous.

"Caustic" Has Say.

"Caustic" wrote: "Sir Joseph Scratchawley has had the good fortune to win four Derbies, a St. Leger, the Guineas and other races too numerous to mention, comprising among them all the prizes that can make life on the turf worth living. He might if he chose get drunk every night of the year out of a different cup won by the representatives of his stable. Yet his soul craves for something more. He casts a longing eye on the gate-money, 'milk'-cans and the corpses of the boiled, the stiff and the dead, that taint the atmosphere of the ring."

Dr. Shorthouse, then owner of "The Sporting Times," was away from his office at the time this atrocious libel was perpetrated. When he saw his newspaper he at once wrote to Sir Joseph Hawley, saying that he was "amazed, ashamed and disgusted" at the appearance of the article, and expressed extreme regret and horror "that so scurrilous a libel

should have appeared in a newspaper with which I had any connection."

All the same, he had to go to Bow Street, was sent by the magistrate for trial at the Central Criminal Court, there fined £50 and given three months' imprisonment. Sir Joseph tried hard to have part, at least, of the sentence remitted, but Dr. Shorthouse had to serve it.

The identity of "Caustic" was not revealed in court. He was understood to have been a clerk in a wine merchant's office. He lost his job on suspicion.

ABOUT GUARANTEES!

STADIUMS LTD. gave the retort courteous when tackled for guarantees for English boxer James, who is being imported to Australia to try conclusions with Vic. Patrick.

"Stadiums Ltd. will agree to all the conditions laid down by the British Boxing Board of Control for the James-Patrick fight for the Empire lightweight title," the general manager (Mr. R. Lean) told the "Daily Mirror."

If they want £2,000 paid into an account of a nominee on behalf of James it is available to-day, Mr. Lean said, and added:

"We are not worried about that, because Stadiums Ltd. is quite financial. We are at least worth £150,000 in freehold and buildings alone."

"In regard to a referee," said Mr. Lean, "Joe Wallis has been outstanding as third man in the ring for 20 years or more, and we expect that he will be the referee."

* * *

In the time of Governor Bligh a soldier was flogged and sentenced to imprisonment. It was later found he was innocent so the term was cancelled and the flogging declared null and void.

Historic Track at South Creek

Story in a Sydney newspaper about Masquerade, which won the Epsom-Metrop. double in 1882, and which was owned by C. T. Roberts, uncle of our committeeman, George Chiene, drew a letter from George T. Braithwaite, of Port Macquarie. He wrote:

"Mamre, where Masquerade was trained privately, is on the South Creek, about one mile south of St. Marys, on the road leading from St. Marys to Mulgoa Road (near Luddenham). Another branch hits Mulgoa Road at Kemp's Creek. Mamre was once owned by Parson Marsden, widely known in the 'good old days.'

The Roberts family also owned a property on South Creek some eleven miles west of Liverpool. This was known as Exeter Farm, where they had a circular mile track on which some of Australia's best horses worked.

One of those, Dora, was the Wakeful of the period. My dad (born 1842) was one who as a lad rode Dora to work, and incidentally was later a tenant of young Charlie Roberts until the early 90's when the property was sold.

Mr. Braithwaite added: "Two well-known men of the time who also were among the Roberts' workers of old were Fred Martineer, crack jockey, and Harry, his brother, one time crack pedestrian. About one mile north of Exeter Farm at the time, and north of the Mulgoa Road, was one of the quaintly named inns of the period, 'The Spotted Dog.' The road which runs past Mamre also passed through the property of another notable horse breeder of the old days, Andrew Towns."

The latest quiz goes something like this: "Name the horse who must beat Bernborough in the long run." Your guess is as good as anyone's. There is no such animal as "the unbeatable horse," but some animals take a lot of beating—Bernborough, for example.

HORSE OF THE MONTH

Background of Buckets and Brooms

Shannon still flows on

Shannon so obviously is the horse of the month that he requires no introduction. Owned and trained by Mr. Peter Riddle and bred by Mr. Percy Miller, he is a 100 per cent. club representative and a 100 per cent. racehorse.

From his earliest days, Shannon has been the centre of a good deal of debate, and for some quite obscure reason was regarded by the

ones, gallopers, pacers and trotters.

Shannon has been one of those rare characters who has always done what has been required of him with

smudged his record to the slightest degree.

Even those who could not see his obvious good points in his earlier seasons, have been impressed by his solid appearance this year, and his general good looks.

There has been more than one secret wish, not so secretly expressed "that it was a pity Peter did not decide to have a go at Bernborough."

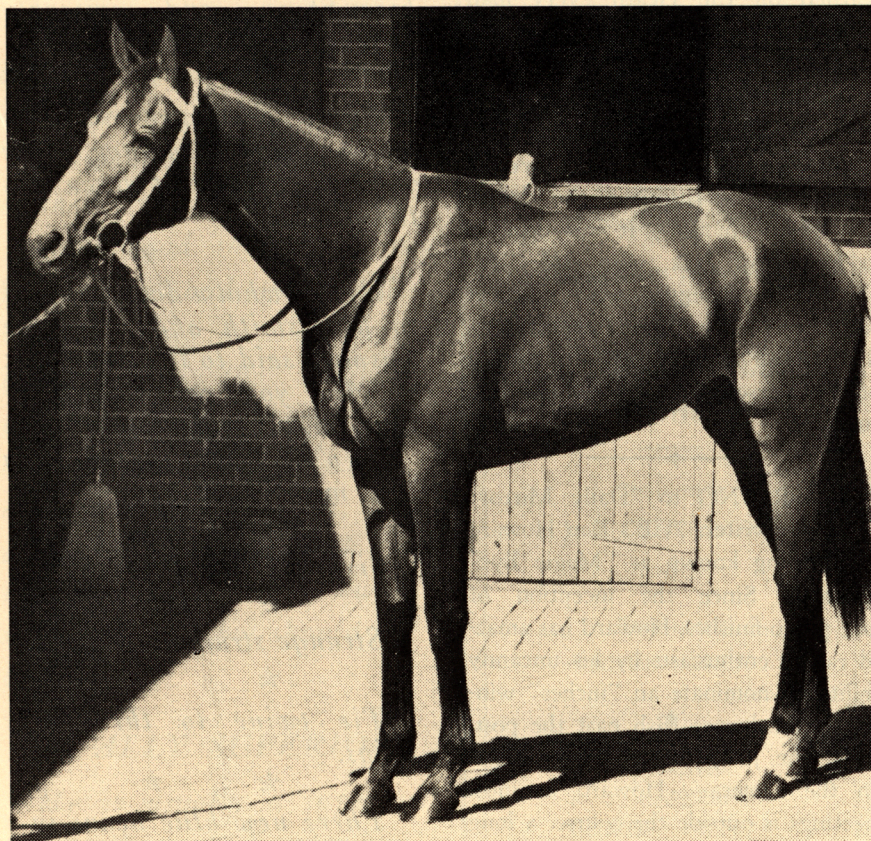
Some of the keenest critics of racing consider that in a weight-for-age race up to a mile and customary weight-for-age tactics, Shannon, together with his regular jockey, D. Munro, would be too strong a combination for the Bernborough-Mulley set-up.

This contention was based only on a matter of tactics, but with no lack of faith in Shannon.

Shannon is just an everyday racehorse without one semblance of vice or peculiarity. His general demeanour fits his appearance as a plain and thoroughly workmanlike bay, who gives the minimum amount of trouble in the stable, and just completes his record as the perfect racehorse.

Anyway, his owner would not have him otherwise for he has done everything that has been asked of him, and in one Epsom at least achieved almost the impossible.

Maybe some day we will see him racing against Bernborough.



Shannon gazes pensively into the future as the club's photographer takes this special picture of one of the horses of the moment.

not so horse-minded as an equine weakling. Actually he has been always a solid and wiry racehorse, much bigger than he appears and entirely deceiving to the casual eye.

His owner-trainer regarded him from his early days as one of the best horses ever to go through his hands, and he has had some good

the exception of his very earliest attempts, when he failed in the Breeders' Plate.

As a three-year-old he was a mighty performer, winning all his races up to and including the Epsom Handicap. This year, although not so extensively raced, he has been just as successful, and has not

This Racing Game...

By One Who Knew

Observations from the book, "Admiral Rous and the English Turf," by T. H. Bird, follow. Admiral Rous was the Jockey Club's handicapper, and was described as "The Dictator of the English Turf."

BETTING on the two-year-old races is pronounced by a great newspaper authority to be gambling. Of course it is. So is sixpenny whist.

The innocent public who can swallow anything do not comprehend that by the abolition of the two-year-old races, the non-gamblers who wish to win a fortune on the Derby can back their bets to any amount as long as they keep in the dark.

After the two-year-old performance of Pretender and Pero Gomez, how was it possible to win £100,000 when every lady's maid in the West End of London pinned her faith on the fact that one of the two must win the Derby, and Pretender was at 5 to 4?

A horse is useless unless he can be judged on his prowess.

Talking of Arabs.

When men talk of Arab races they make me sick. A bad two-year-old will beat the best Arab in the world at even weights.

The tide has turned; 170 years ago the Arab sent our old English racehorse to the plough. Now it is the Anglo-Arab that rules the equine world. He is the Grand Ornament of the French Empire. He is the luxury of the turf; on the racecourse he is omnipotent.

If our horses are bad here, why are they sought for, and bought for such immense prices by other countries? And how is it, no matter where they go, they beat all comers?

Handicaps are a boon to bad horses with no other prospects of success.

Breeding racehorses is a lottery. The slowest three-year-old I ever

had was a magnificent animal, 16 hands 1 inch in height, by The Flying Dutchman out of Vigaro.

Lord Derby Ideas.

Lord Derby recommends to our serious consideration the question of the employment of touts. I have warned off the Heath every man convicted of watching trials, at the expense of £62/10/-, when they contested an authority.

Sixty years ago, I recollect on board ship an argument between a marine and a sailor on the definition of an epicure. It was decided in favour of Jack, who said: "An epicure is a beggar who will eat anything." By this interpretation, the British public, on the subject of racehorses, are determined epicures.

ACCORDING to "Daily Mirror" radio writer, 2UE's Ken Howard is becoming known as "Magic Eye" Howard. Since the inception of race photo-finishes, Howard has amazed racing enthusiasts by his uncanny ability to nominate an "inches" winner as the horses flash past the post, while the judge has decided to call on the camera. Howard at most meetings is outside the course, a long distance away, and at a considerable angle, but has never yet been wrong.

Four times last Saturday the judge called for a photo, and each time Howard nominated the winner without hesitation. In the Flying, course bookmakers bet 4 to 1 on Dowborough, but "Magic Eye" named Victory Lad, and had moved on to deal with the next race long before the camera had confirmed his split-second judgment.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts.

With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,

He thrusts his fists against the posts,

And still insists he sees the ghosts.

★

★

She stood on the balcony, inexplicably mimicking his hiccupping, and amicably welcoming him in.

★

★

Three gray geese in the green grass grazing; gray were the geese and green was the grazing.

★

★

Here's what a dowager said to a tinsmith and what the tinsmith said to the dowager:

"Are you copper-bottoming 'em, my man?"

"No'm, I'm aluminiuming 'em, mum."

★

★

Sixty-six sick chicks.

★

★

Strange strategic statistics.

★

★

Tie twine to three tree twigs.

★

★

Three new blue beans in a new-blown bladder.

★

★

The old cold scold sold a school coal scuttle.

★

★

Six long slim slick slender saplings.

★

★

The seething sea ceaseth and thus the seething sea sufficeth us.

The Spotlight . . . on Narks

SOME persons believe that the nark is a fellow who wants to stop things, but that is rather to limit the variety and the range of this genus. The nark may also be a fellow who, far from wanting to stop things, wants to start things. Both are to be discouraged—the stopper because he doesn't want things done; the starter because he wants to overdo things.

Both are joy-killers from different standpoints. Their cardinal sin is intolerance. They want to live in a world of their own whims. For the general good they have no recognition, and are unwilling to forego anything contributing to the comfort, convenience or pleasure of others. Everybody is wrong, and everything is crook, who and which conflict with the nark's conception of what should be or what should not be.

USUALLY SUPERIOR.

He is usually a superior fellow, the nark. You try him. He'll soon show you how little you know. "Just listen to me, y'see," he says by way of prelude. He is rude, and invariably crude. He's a boor into the bargain, and he capitalises the other fellow's forbearance to get away with his boorishness.

The nark never gets to the top, but he keeps bobbing up, and the company suffers him. Why? Because in the social realm majorities are unaccountably meek and extraordinarily understanding. Strange that this should be so; but strength is not always allied with arrogance and aggression. There is a spiritual quality about strength in the sphere of good fellowship.



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T. T. MANNING.

MR. SID STOREY, M.L.A., as chairman of the Australian Soccer Football Association, announces definitely that we are to have a visit from a South African side next season. The Africans are particularly strong in the round-ball game, and several of their stars have been imported by English clubs. The head body is also toying with the idea of an English side to synchronise with the Africans, and, if carried out, a triangular series will be played. To the majority of experienced sports controllers such schemes are dangerous. In Australia Soccer football has not nearly the following of cricket in England, but the triangular test series of 1912 proved a failure. South Africa, 1947, and England, 1948, appears a much sounder proposition.

* * *

SOME England v. Australia Test scores at cricket: On 15 occasions batsmen have scored double centuries. Bradman's run: 334 at Leeds, 254 at Lords, 232 at The Oval, 304 at Leeds and 244 Oval. In Australia: 270 at Melbourne and 212 at Adelaide. R. E. Foster, 287, Sydney; W. H. Ponsford, 266, The Oval; W. R. Hammond, 251 and 200 in Melbourne, 231 n.o. in Sydney; W. L. Murdock, 211, The Oval; S. E. Gregory, 201, Sydney; J. Ryder, 201 n.o. at Adelaide. On the other side of the ledger 535 "ducks" have been made, 253 by Englishmen and 282 by Australians.

Chelmsford Tradition Maintained

Still another high-class racehorse has added his name to the list of winners of the Chelmsford Stakes, Bernborough taking this year's main event at the club's meeting at Randwick in grand fashion. Tragic note of the day was that popular lightweight jockey, J. E. Duncan, was fatally injured when his mount, Lord Dundee, blundered and threw his rider in the first race.

Duncan received injuries to his head and neck from which he did not recover but died before he reached the casualty room on the course.

If nothing else, the tragedy emphasised that racegoers are not quite such gross materialists as many believed, for the day became very subdued immediately the news was broadcasted on the public address system, and a fair percentage even left the course.

Fast Galloping.

Returning to the racing, the ace racehorse Bernborough excelled himself. He just strolled along at the end of a smart Chelmsford field

for five furlongs, and then proceeded to sprint home in 45 $\frac{3}{4}$ for the last half-mile. This is galloping.

Three-Year-Olds Prominent.

Bernborough simply carried on in the Chelmsford from where he left off in the Warwick Stakes, and sufficient was seen of him at the club's meeting to emphasise again the great record of this race—that it is won always by a high-class racehorse.

Most surprising feature of the Chelmsford was that the two three-year-olds in the field, Two Grand and Prince Consort, followed Bernborough home, and Silver Link and Peter both were ahead of Magnificent.

Good three-year-olds have raced well in and won the Chelmsford Stakes, but Two Grand not yet can claim to be top class, and Prince Consort previous to the Chelmsford had only just emerged from very weak maiden handicap class.

Silver Link's fourth and Peter's fifth augured well for their handicap engagements, and possibly too much notice should not be taken of Magnificent's failure.

The race introduced to Australian racegoers the Irish gelding Spam, who looks most likely, but is not ready to show his best form.

Proctor's Pace.

Proctor won one of the Novice Handicap divisions against all ages for Mr. F. G. Spurway in a way which suggested that he would go on and hold his own in the best three-year-old company. He is a fine big colt by the French horse Actor, who was in training for some time at Randwick under the care of the late J. T. Jamieson.

Puffham, trained by Mr. George Johnson, was too good for Mr. Bill

McDonald's Abbeville in the Tramway Handicap, Puffham having the lead all the way and running what was considered to be a first-class Epsom Handicap trial. Abbeville, on the contrary, was not as impressive, and apparently has been causing his owner a little worry.

Kiaree Wins Again.

Mr. H. E. Tancred has had to be advised while on his world tour of further successes by Kiaree, and his still handsome bay horse took the club's Spring Handicap in good style.

Kiaree was capably ridden, making nearly all his own running, by the ex-Queensland jockey E. Fordyce, who deputised for D. Munro, who retired after the accident in the first race.

Invictus, one of the big string raced by Mr. F. W. Hughes, was a good second from the Western Australian Air Flare, and Avalanche finished a creditable fourth.

Active Service Again.

Active Service ran one of his typical races in the Welter, coming from nearly last at the turn and sweeping up on the outside to beat Night Robe and Gay Monarch. Active Service is a specialist in this type of race, although he was able to win a handicap at Moorefield earlier in the season.

Young Veilmond surprised the majority by winning the Three and Four Year Old Handicap, and what was more surprising was his starting price of 10 to 1. This smart galloper led all the way, and was not in danger of being defeated.

The feature of this race was the fast finishing run by Monmouth into fourth place, suggesting that Mr. Percy Miller's horse will be a better four-year-old than he was a three-year-old.

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Snapshots on 1946 Chelmsford Day



1.—A. Mulley, B. R. Payten, Denis Allen.

2.—W. T. Kerr and Hunter White.

3.—Maurice McCarten and S. Tancred.



4.—Some of the party at the Official Luncheon.

5.—G. T. Wilson, A. P. Wilson.

6.—W. W. Hill and Newman Manion.

7.—Tom Murray, S. E. Chatterton and W. Kirwan.



SCREEN AND STAGE HIGHLIGHTS

"THE 16 mm." FILM

What is it? Cecil Gidley, who has taken over the 16mm. division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and who studied in the U.S. latest developments of the film, explained:

The term 16mm. refers to the width or gauge of the film itself, that is, sixteen millimetres. It is not a new thing in itself, but a new expansion of the motion picture industry will result from M.G.M.'s pioneering its use in the commercial distribution of entertainment and educational films.

The 35mm. film is known as standard gauge, and it is upon 35mm. that the great majority of motion pictures are photographed, developed and finally screened in theatres throughout the world. In future, M.G.M.'s 35mm. productions will have their counterpart on 16mm film. Width of film is the only difference.

During War.

During the war, the 16mm. size film became famous and was widely used and improved upon. Thus, today, it is about to "get into civvies" and play an important role in expanding the market for motion pictures. The advantages of 16mm film and its projection equipment are briefly set out:

Less Costly Machine: 16mm. requires a simpler, more compact, less costly and more easily operated projector. Average cost for one projector is £200. It is readily portable, being average weight of 80lb. complete.

Lower Shipping Rates: A 16mm. print is about one-fifth as heavy as a 35mm. print; hence, freight rates to exhibitors are proportionately lower.

Fireproof

Fireproof: 16 mm. film is completely fireproof, which means it can be shipped by parcel post or other low-cost means, and also that the theatre or hall does not require a fireproof booth, which is a very expensive item.

Sound: The sound quality of M.G.M.'s 16mm. pictures has been so improved that it is comparable to that of most 35mm. pictures.

Projection: 16mm. projection is already so close to 35mm. quality that a full-size screen can be used before audiences up to 800.

The fact that M.G.M. is to distribute 16mm. films, thus guaranteeing 16mm. supplies, coupled with the low cost of installing the necessary projection equipment, means, in effect, that both entertainment and educational films will now be available in the remotest areas and in small population centres. Considerable employment will also be created, both directly in the exhibition and distribution of 16mm. film, and also in the various industries associated with the manufacture and supply of projector equipment and accessories. The employment thus created will absorb many ex-service personnel who have already gained experience in the various aspects of 16mm. during their war service, and it is believed that, for those who become exhibitors, the work will be particularly suit-

able and will assist greatly in their self-rehabilitation.

M.G.M.'s first 16mm. contract for the screening of 16mm. entertainment films was signed in the Philippines, at Manila, in May, 1946, the first film being "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." Throughout most other countries of the world, 16mm. is fast becoming established, and is carrying to vast masses of people the experience of "going to the movies," a pleasure hitherto confined to their brothers in larger cities and more prosperous centres of population.

Not For All.

M.G.M. will not supply film to private homes, nor to commercial situations which are in competition with established motion picture theatres. It is the isolated communities away from established theatres that will benefit—for example, Rawlana, on the Trans-Continental Railway, or White Cliffs in the north-west of N.S.W. Ships at sea, hospitals, orphanages and similar institutions will also welcome supplies of the film, since they likewise could not afford to use 35mm. equipment in the past. Many mobile circuits will undoubtedly come into being, and bring beside films, library books, gramophone records, and so forth into isolated communities, thus carrying on, as it were, into civilian life, the activities of the educational services of the armed forces.


A full range of M.G.M. entertainment and short subject films will be available, supplemented by a backlog of famous "evergreen" productions. Thus, Greer Garson, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner and all the other will now be seen on 16mm. as well as 35mm.

* * *

The Furious Forties.

Charles B. Cochran's famed young ladies are in the news again, but 40 of them who are appearing in his latest 125th London show—"Big Ben" by A. P. Herbert—registered strong disapproval when a printer's error appeared in the latest set of posters (says a "Daily Mirror" cable). When 500

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posters were ordered the printers, instead of putting "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies and Chorus of 40" put "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies of 40 and Chorus."

* * *

Richard Winnington, film critic of London's "News Chronicle," wrote in "The Penguin Film Review":

"The recent triumphs of British films in Britain should not be allowed to intoxicate us. They are good, very good, but they lack sweep, and they lack writers and they lack actors. By that I mean that very few of the characters in British films really come alive. They are of the stage rather than of the world where the movie camera should focus, and they often give our films the ethereal glow of anaemia.

"We are likewise in our class-consciousness unsuccessful at depicting the ordinary men and women of Britain in character or voice, accent or behaviour. Our comedy is non-existent, and we don't

know how to make musicals. But perhaps the worst crime of the British film industry is its cheap and ineane approach to Britain's great traditions."

Emil Ludwig said at the International Film Conference at Basle: "If at the head of Hollywood studios there were not 30 ignorant merchants but 30 artists, or 30 cultivated people at least, as is the case in other countries, the moral degradation which happens now could be avoided." Ludwig evidently confuses box office with art.

* * *

"Ballyhoo!"

HAVE you been to one of them thar gala world premieres? Boy, you ain't seen nuthin'. Bernborough couldn't get in unless he wore a dress suit.

* * *

Here They Come!

BRITISH film companies—rival companies!—are to make films in Australia at long last. This move should make the Americans sit up and take notice, at long last. Good look, choom! . . . Atta boy!

"A Son is Born"

ADD to the list of films you should see, the Australian production—"A Son is Born." Don't let the fact that some of the daily press critics rapped it discourage you. These remote people often apply the Higher Criticism to good entertainment fare.

* * *

"The Overlanders."

A MOB of cattle, which bulks large in "The Overlanders," could not be handled by amateur horsemen, as were the players in the majority. Regular stockmen, including two abos., were included, and these provided splendid exhibitions of hard riding. The heroine also showed how. The picture was described extravagantly by one reviewer as "an Australian film classic." Those who like an outback setting and action appropriate to that setting will find "The Overlanders" fine entertainment fare.



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Fitting Finale to Tournaments

Who had won, and who had not won, the billiards and snooker tournaments did not matter compared with the fact that the games had been played by winners and losers in the finest sporting spirit. Success of the tournament was best measured by that standard the Chairman and other speakers agreed when prizes were presented at a cocktail party in the club on September 16.

THE Chairman said: "I think you will agree with me when I say that this tournament was one of the most successful in the history of the club. It was successful chiefly in

Country Club Suggestion.

"Who knows, we might establish a Country Club and instal there, among recreational amenities, billiards tables, swimming pool, bowl-

ing green and a golf course of at least nine holes. Another suggestion is to arrange for annual competitions in billiards and snooker with the Victorian Club. Our play-



Snapped at the cocktail party on September 16, when prizes won in the billiards and snooker tournaments were presented.

the sense that all games were keenly contested and played in the true spirit of sportsmanship.

"Interest was sustained among members from beginning to end. Tattersall's Club has conducted billiards tournaments since its establishment in 1858. The series has been broken only twice, by World War I. and World War II.

"Snooker was introduced into the tournaments in 1929, and that was broken only by World War II.

"I would like to congratulate runners-up as well as winners, not forgetting the others who did not reach either stage, for all contributed to the success of the tournaments, which provided very good entertainment. I think that these games should be extended to golf, bowls and swimming. We will do something about it. I realise that the swimmers put on one of the best dances ever held in the club."

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ers might visit Melbourne at Cup time and Melbournians might come here for the spring meeting.

The recent tournament games proved that the handicappers had done a good job—even to the extent of handicapping themselves out of success.

Of the billiards winner, Mr. Molloy, it should be said that he competed in 1930. He was a sick man, but staged a comeback. Although it appeared that he might be beaten in the final he came with a great break to win.

A Fighting Finish.

The runner-up in the billiards tournament, Mr. Alec Buckle, had to accept a re-handicap, but the fighting game he played in the final proved that the re-handicap was fully justified. Possibly had Mr. Buckle had his time over again he would not have played a certain

shot; or he might not have done so had he been more sensitive to the telepathy of his well-wishers among the onlookers.

As to Ted Davis, who won third prize, he often in the past cheered when the favourite was beaten on the racecourse.

He was an early favourite in the billiards tournament, and his cheers, to which I referred, recoiled on him on this occasion. However, he played well and sportingly.

Snooker Winner.

Mr. Ward Booth, winner of the snooker tournament, is the son of a member. He won distinction in the Army, attaining the rank of captain. For three years he was a prisoner of war. He won the snooker final by a display of grit and determination. I have not seen in any player so much improvement as he developed in the course of the tournament.

Mr. Cattnach, runner-up in the snooker, I believed would win. He appears to have let a lot of sup-

porters down. However, that is said in the spirit of this occasion. Many had their ideas of who should win, but I think that we all agree that all the winners won on their merits.

As to the runner-up, Mr. Rat-tray, he distinguished himself also in golf. He won a championship at Manly.

Responding, Mr. Molloy said: "The facilities for the tournaments were good. I congratulate the organisers and the handicappers; only thing wrong was that often there were not enough pockets on the table. I congratulate my opponents on their sporting games."

Others responded in similar terms.

Chairman Gets Quota.

Mr. John Roles presented the Chairman with the prize for fourth position in the billiards and the snooker tournaments, saying: "Mr. Chatterton has been like the horse who was just kept out of a place, and should be kept in mind for the next meeting."

The toast of "The Chairman"

was proposed by Mr. Frank Underwood, who said: "Mr. Chatterton has filled the position with honour and has the respect of every member of our club and of the community in general."

Three cheers were given for the Chairman at the call of Mr. Underwood.

When Critics Differed

Critics differed in their assessment of the vocal quality of Georges Thill, the French tenor, as demonstrated in his two recitals in Sydney. The singer himself must have been bewildered.

Of the second concert "S.M. Herald's" critic wrote: Mr. Thill's powerful top notes were too often nasal, and with blurred edges . . ."

"Sunday Sun's" critic put it: Refinements as well as clarion notes played their part in the Thill success . . ."

Incidentally, Mr. Thill collected more than a handful of notes. Large audiences attended both concerts.

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Just Dope—Tale from Peru

If modern athletes use stimulants, the Peruvians can be blamed. They started to "dope" in the eighteenth century to give them stamina on 120-mile message delivering job-trots across rough country.

History does not relate all details of these marathons, but it does tell of the constant use of drugs by the tough-footed messenger boys.

The Peruvians used almost exclusively the leaves of the coca shrub. The champion of his day chewing hard, covered 140 miles in 36 hours, then collapsed and remained in a coma for three days.

By using drugs obscure runners have sometimes reached championship class overnight. Usually the advantages gained have been offset later by ill-health. Nevertheless, there is still the sportsman who is game to "try anything once."

At almost every Olympic Games there is a "dope" incident. The worst was at the 1936 Berlin series.

When the Japanese had won most of the swim titles it was claimed their youthful representatives were stimulated with drugs. The Japanese coaches accepted the challenge with a polite smile, and said nothing. But two years later it was officially admitted that the

nuggety little "human fish" who shattered world's records had been scientifically drugged.

"Secret Concoction."

The drug used, the Japanese boasted, was a secret concoction, with a whiff of oxygen, as a "chaser."

At the 1938 Sydney Empire Games the cry of "drugs" was again raised. This was after the West Australian Decima Norman had flattened the opposition in the women's athletics.

Someone looked into the bag of her trainer, Frank Preston, and saw a flask of brandy and a bottle of sal volatile. In dramatic style they claimed they had "discovered" the reason for Decima's success. Actually the bottles were in Preston's bag for use in case of collapse or distress of his charge. Doctors explained anyway, that sal volatile was only a nerve-steadier.

Perhaps the best case of misguided doping was the 1938 Sydney six-day bike race. Gino Bambagiotti, Italian ace rider, to tone up jaded nerves and tired muscles, arranged to have draughts of coffee and brandy supplied. He also arranged to have a sponge down with eau-de-cologne.

Instead, by some careless chance, the whole three were mixed together. "Bamba" that night won all the sprint prizes.

HATE—SO WHAT?

Hate—is there anything worse? Or is there anything more unprofitable? It is a form of madness that has been the undoing of many men and many women—the haters rather than the hated. Hate is a smouldering passion that ultimately flares, furnace-like, and consumes its subject. "Valley of Decision" provides yet another proof of its tragic consequences. It's a movie that all steady haters should see for their own good and, maybe, reformation.

WINBAGISM

AN APPEAL for less correspondence was made by a principal of one of the leading commercial colleges (says a message from the U.S. to the "Daily Telegraph").

"The responsibility for American verbosity, I feel sure," said the principal, "lies with the very efficient American stenographer and the temptation to garrulousness provided by the skill of her fingers."

"In some offices, it seems that letter writing has become a major undertaking, like writing for publication, and not a means to an end. It is my candid opinion, after reading these letters for about 20 years, that half the typewriters in America could be scrapped, and half the stenographers married off, and the wheels of business would run just as fast and with a good deal less waste effort."

"If every business man were compelled to read over, at the beginning of each day, copies of the letters he dictated one year before, he would see that many of them were twice as long as necessary."

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STUDY OF STONE AGE

He entered the ring unattended. He had not even a towel. No one was willing to pull on his gloves

Students could see in him the reincarnation of one who had figured in the Trojan wars, or had helped to sack Babylon. Savage he looked as he sat there waiting.

Life was a fight with this man. He fought all the time, because of heredity, because he had to fight to live. And he was living because he was fighting. After that battle of Saturday night he could salve his bleeding mouth as best he could. He might sleep on straw in a dungeon. It seemed that none cared.

The fellow fought as I had expected he would fight. He swung and bashed in the manner of his ancestors manipulating their stone axes. He spat blood over his adversary, and probably didn't know that he was doing it. He was fighting the fight of his progenitors, when there were no minute spells, no "corners" at the knock down; when one man was kill-

ed. That was proved clearly at the close. Then the referee threatened to disqualify him for life. He only smiled. "That's stiff. What did I do?" he asked.

This man was a type providing tough thinking for professors—too numerous to mention. In his type is the combustiveness that may one day shake kingdoms. What is to be done?

Some argue that heredity is susceptible to the cultural influence of environment, that the defects in men may be transformed into virtues by a civilising touch, by the provision of better living conditions, by a more equitable distribution of wealth and a finer experience by mankind of what are termed "the amenities of life."

That may be so. The fact is that in this 20th century civilisation the type remains; and while the type remains, the problem remains.

Do You Know?

- THAT we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- THAT any man can, and every man should learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- THAT you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath.



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AFTER a half-hour in the gym., a swim in the pool or a couple of sets of squash, there's nothing better than a cold, needle shower and a Colinated Foam Shampoo. The penetrating bubble-foam cleanses the scalp and hair of perspiration . . . stimulates the natural oils . . . making the hair softer and easier to comb. Buy two bottles of Colinated Foam Shampoo from the 1st Floor Club Store . . . one for your locker and one for home. At all chemists, too—price 3/-.



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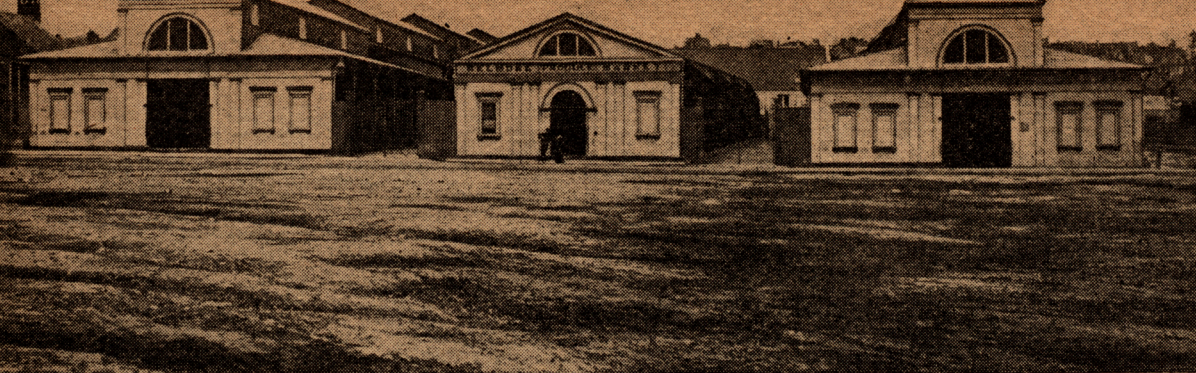
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*The Markets
in 1870.*

PADDY'S MARKET

Whatever our lot we are all buyers and sellers of goods. Even the poverty-ridden convict settlement at Sydney Cove boasted its makeshift market place at the King's Wharf to barter for goods brought by the few ships which reached the shores of New South Wales.

There was something ironical in this first market-place for, during the earliest years of Australia's existence, there was so little to market; the land around the Sydney Cove was poor and unyielding and early cultivation had but scratched the surface of the soil. Supplies had to be brought from a distance of 12,000 miles and this in the age of sail was no mean task.

It is a tribute to the patience of our pioneer farmers, however, that the produce of their labours soon made necessary the establishment of a permanent and regular market place at Brickfield Hill known as the Haymarket which some authorities aver that Governor Macquarie later had moved to a more central position on the site of the present Queen Victoria Market building.

Then in 1835, Governor Bourke issued an historic proclamation defining the Market Place boundaries in which the market place on the east of Market Street was appointed for the sale of meat, butter, milk, fruit, vegetables, etc., and the cattle market at the foot of Brickfield Hill named for the sale of horses, cattle, sheep and pigs, and also wheat, barley and other grains with hay, straw, grass and green fodder.

In 1842, the town of Sydney was declared a city and such matters as market places became the affair of the civic authorities. Therefore, in 1846, the area at the foot of Brickfield Hill was granted to the city by the Crown for the purposes of a hay-market. The name "Haymarket" as applied to that part of the city persists to this day although it is now many years since it flourished as the centre of the produce trade of the entire State.

With the passing of the years and the gradual decentralisation of this trade, the market area was slowly whittled down to the extensive, single-storeyed, red brick building originally titled "Belmore Market"; but known simply then, as now, "Paddy's Market". In the early 50's on the George Street frontage stood the red brick building, with a clock-tower, and designated the "Market House". Part of the building had been converted into a theatre and later became a general store. On the demolition of this building in the mid 50's a railway contractor obtained a 30 year lease of the George Street frontage from Campbell Street to Hay Street and erected shops encroaching upon the space that had been left between the street and the Market House.

Paddy's Market embraced the square bounded by Campbell and Hay Streets upon which the Hippodrome later was erected. Hay was brought to the markets in bullock waggons for sale and in the adjoining square between Pitt and Castlereagh Streets, horses and cattle were penned. From these pens bullocks often strayed into the old Devonshire Street cemetery through a break in the wall.

In the late 60's the market building was enlarged and renovated and received a new name—"Belmore Market," which was used concurrently with the familiar "Paddy's".

Incidentally, there are various theories as to how this more or less affectionate nickname came into use. It has been suggested that some one particular native of the Emerald Isle founded there his small but ambitious trading place and then again there is a theory that one, Hugh Patrick, who was for many years the clerk-in-charge, had a certain influence in the matter.

There was no other market quite like the old "Paddy's". That red gateway and the quaint latticed arch, seen as a vista from

George Street down Ultimo Road were the open sesame to the joys of that garish, gas-lit and noisy bazaar which on Saturday night formed the highlight of the working man's week.

In an old volume written about 1875 appears an article by John Laing entitled "Paddy's Market". The writer says: "... In one direction lies the market, flaming with light and distinct with life and activity like an immense hive; in another, George Street opens widely to the view teeming with people and brilliantly-lighted shops, while heavily-laden omnibuses and smaller vehicles go thundering by. Animation, bustle and life are in combination everywhere.

There are the itinerant preachers; the sideshows, with the proprietors bellowing that the show is 'just a'go'in to begin'; the Punch and Judy, the fire-eating 'Fire-King', the shooting cart with prizes for marksmanship of nuts, cakes and buns; the large telescope for a peep at the stars; the strength-testing machines, not to mention the small stalls where green peas, 'taters and sav'loys' are to be purchased.

The assemblage is mostly of hard-working men with their families, factory-girls, and a fair sprinkling of the larrikin tribe.

Everywhere the stallmen are bawling their wares inducing a deafening din.

Clothing, grocery, furniture, tools, vegetables, eggs, bacon, literature (sacred and profane), perfumery, tobacco, cigars and fruit are heaped incongruously on apparently interminable rows of stalls making the place look like a gigantic all sorts shop."

A glance at the prices of those days would create envy in the harried housewife of today—matches 1d. per dozen boxes, cheese 2d. per lb. and eggs 6d. per doz.!

Today, the Belmore Markets at the Haymarket are no longer utilised for the sale of produce. They are now reserved entirely for the disposal of fruit and vegetables. The early morning scene at this busy spot is one of vast activity with waggons, drays and lorries, laden with market produce, backing or nosing their way through the wide gateways on all sides of the building. All around is the atmosphere of modern commerce and modern progress and the "Paddy's" that was, is now resplendent in acres of concrete and steel.

The old market that many of us loved, the quaint bazaar has become a part of Sydney's history—"Paddy's" has gone into the limbo of romantic memories.



Paddy's Market 1946.

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